

CHAPTER XI\

FA\OURS TO COME

THERE is another book for \hich \e \ait, the book m which she is to carry on the story begun m *Afy Apprenticeship* into, and through the various phases of, *Our Parmetship* Some leaders, no doubt, and among them those who most admired and enjoyed her masterly spiritual autobiography will hold that the tale of the development of a single mmd must, in its nature, be more interesting and arresting than that of the work and companionship of two people can e\er be made Further, they may feel that \hile the early book owes its compelling appeal to its frank introversion, the latter is bound, since it will also be about a person who says> he has "no inner life," to be unduly extro\erted, and stuffed with the dry chaff of committees, conferences, problems, and all the dreary paraphernalia of public life He, so she says, did not quite like *My Apprenticeship* < indeed it was apropos of that book that he emitted a cry, of caution or of pleading, to any future biographer <^kNo intimacy, I beg "

Whether or no she heeds that call, the book, by most of us, is awaited with keen eagerness Not because it \vill contain any " revelations " There are, certainly, none to be made about two people whose record of effort and achie\ement lies singularly open before us, whose h\es contain nothing that any biographer wants to gloze over or conceal, \who have been, in all their ways and \orks, as candid as the day, and who have, in the ordinary sense, no secrets None in the ordinary sense, and yet one that is haunting

For have they
not discovered and applied the secret whose
lambency,